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The Waif for New Year, without a new year greeting HW 1/2/77

It has been several years since I heard from her. I had come to think that perhaps she was either dead or forever in what she calls the funny farm. She called about 10 last night and ran on for an hour and a half or more.

No longer at the institution she now describes as for the criminally insane. Like a large number of others, I think she said 628, freed by a Walcott decision of the Supreme Court and being rehabilitated. If there is one thing that pays, she says, it is being rehabilitated. All units of government pay, she says. They have her in college, at Rice, in Houston.

I do not know why she called. It was not to ask how I am or am getting along. It was not to extend the usual greetings of the season. Coincidences between developments in areas of my interest and the breaking of her long silence are obvious. Total indifference to them is only one of the reasons I believe there is no connection.

It was virtually non-stop for all that time, almost no repetition, all essentially boastful in strange amoral areas and it just poured out with hardly a pause. If I permitted a few pauses, as I did when she stopped, she was soon back gushing out more. Some of it may be real but most cannot be. At the end there was a clicking on the line and the volume fell, as though someone were monitoring and signalling to her. There was background noise, of other people.

Percy Foreman is one of her lawyers now. She has others in civil suits. I said he had become virtually an alcoholic. A real one she came back. He was arrested for drunken driving when he and she were out together. She was driving his car without a license and she saw the blinking blue lights. So he stopped, flipped into the back seat and the fuzz found him too drunk to drive alone in the front seat. Odd thing is that he was arrested for drunken driving. She says he now has associates in with him and does little courtroom work himself any more. Stays drunk. While I suppose it is not impossible that the court did assign her case to him the odds against it are heavy. This is a sample of how something exciting to her flowed from every lead and tumbled out without hinting or leading.

There is a major change in her voice, not her conversation, in its sound and its quality. The excited words are there but flatly, without the spark of the past, without the sound, the tones of excitement. What I said was essentially trivial but in it I worked a few bits I thought would provide tests of rationality. One of these came when she was holding forth on the loneliness and isolation of several years in the psychiatric institution. Totally barren for all. Not even reading materials. Only not for her. They gave IQ tests, hers was 183, so they used her as an inside courier.

It took me some time to detect the difference in her voice and then it was too late for me to tape it for one of my sources to evaluate. Much has come out since the last time we spoke or she wrote. (It is my recollection that she wrote me once from the psych. place and that I answered and then silence.) She does know much more about the CIA than the average person, and this goes back to when she was 20-21. I found myself wondering if she was used in any of their experiments. She is exceptionally bright and daring, exceedingly daring and she was part of the drug scene. I never saw her with what she now calls a J but I was certain she was on speed. Once when I was sure of it I went through her purse and found some capsules in it. I never checked them out.

Another test, on this loneliness, why did she not write for so long? long spiel about how all mail was monitored and she wanted a clean record. So just to get mail she took correspondent course. EtcEtcEtc.

Last time I saw her, I think about 5 years ago, there was nothing irrational in her conversation over about two hours. She came to my motel, we went to a restaurant near her Metairie home and as soon as we ate I drove her there. It was brief but long enough for overt irrationality to show. It did after she moved to Houston, where she says she now is under some unclear kind of supervisory probation. The charge against her turns out in

this new version to be shooting six cops. I think there were two versions, first that she killed all six and then that she killed one, wounded five and of these one is a vegetable. Earlier it now turns out she shot a federal agent as he came through the window of her bedroom. With a double-barrelled shotgun and shells she had had reloaded with a mixture of rocksalt and Drano/

After she had babbled quite a while I came to realize that there was no real human emotion, no natural one, apparent. Not over her alleged murder(s) but a little resentment, over the institutionalizing and much less than ever over her parents. So I thought I'd feed her an opportunity. When she was running off about her new designs - and she is artistically gifted and once, at 21, had the credit card of an art store - and extended these to jeans, I said I could use a pair of decorated jeans as long as they did not have narrow legs. She asked no question about why no narrow legs, instead talking about boot-style and flare. So I told her I have to wear braces and have to be able to pull the pants legs up for adjustment. Instead of asking why, which I would think natural, she said she had had to wear braces. I said these were not for bones or muscles. Only then did she display any curiosity, and I'm not sure she did. I may have volunteered an explanation to see her reaction. I mentioned thrombophlebitis and she did not come back with Nixon or the most perfunctory inquiry about it or me. Nothing at all. She went on to something else.

Unlike the past she did not ask about "Al, who answered the phone. Nothing about my work or what I was doing to her supposed enemies, the feds. I gave her a couple of leads to the past without her picking up on any except to boast, she could stay at Marcello's motel free any time she wanted, he wrote her once when she was institutionalized and she is immune and has other benefits in Jefferson parish, where she comes from, because she has a cousin who is in politics, a DA, and has fixed it up with the Jeff DA.

I am left with the strong impression that she is well across that line, invisible line wherever she is and whatever she is doing. The profanity is more extensive than before but the picture-ness of expression is still there.

At the same time I also have the impression that some of this may well be real, if exaggerated and distorted.